

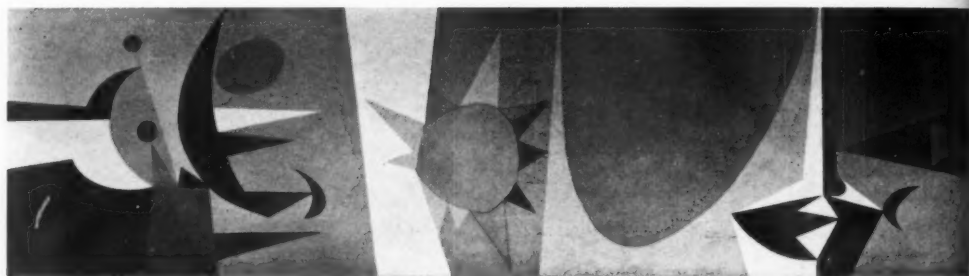
CANADIAN ART



Vol. XIV No. 4 Summer 1957 50¢



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This fragment of a Huron Indian pipe, shown much enlarged on the cover, is reproduced here about actual size. Edmund Carpenter, the Canadian anthropologist, believes it to be about the finest piece of Huron sculpture ever discovered. It was recently found by Frank Ridley on an ancient Huron village site in Ontario. It depicts an Indian wearing a wolf head-dress.

CANADIAN ART

CALIFORNIA
Summer Number

JUL 2 6 1957

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ARTHUR LISMER

October on the North Shore

The National Gallery of Canada

Box-car Days in Algoma 1919-20

A. Y. JACKSON

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IT WAS good to get back to the Georgian Bay again, to paddle and swim and go fishing and exploring. I had little desire to paint. In the autumn Harris had arranged a sketching party in Algoma and had a box car fitted up with bunks and a stove. Along with the canoe we had a three-wheel jigger worked by hand to go up and down the tracks. There were few trains on the Algoma Central Railway at that time. Our car was hitched to the passenger train or the way freight and left on a siding. The only inhabitants were the section men. The box car became a studio. There was Harris, MacDonald, Frank Johnston and myself. The railroad runs north for two hundred miles from Sault Ste. Marie to Hearst on the CNR crossing the CPR at Franz. It is a heavily wooded country, birch and maple, poplar, spruce and white pine, a country of big hills that drop down steeply to Lake Superior. The rivers cut through them and romp down in a series of rapids and waterfalls to the lake. In October it is a blaze of colour.

I always think of it as MacDonald's country. He was a quiet unadventurous person,



who could not swim or paddle or swing an axe or find his way in the bush. He was awed and thrilled by it and got the feel of it in his painting. He loved the big panorama. *Solemn Land*, *Mist Fantasy*, *Gleams on the Hills* were some of the titles of his paintings. He was a designer before he took up painting and there is evidence of it in his paintings, many of which resemble tapestries.

A. Y. JACKSON. *November*

The National Gallery of Canada



This recent photograph of A. Y. Jackson shows him in his new studio in Manotick, near Ottawa, where he moved from Toronto in 1955. This summer he has been finishing his autobiography, an extract from which we print here. The book will be published by Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited, Toronto.

Opposite page: J. E. H. MacDonald

The Wild River

The Faculty Union, The University of Toronto



The nights were frosty, but in the box car with the fire in the stove we were snug and warm and discussions and arguments would last until late in the night—from Plato to Picasso, from Madame Blavatsky to Mary Baker Eddy—between Harris, a Baptist and later a Theosophist, and MacDonald, a Presbyterian interested in Christian Science. Outside the aurora would be playing antics in the sky and the murmur of the rapids or a distant waterfall with the silence of the night. Every few days we would have our box car moved to another siding.

The following year we rented a cottage in the same district at Mongoose Lake. We asked a trapper how such a name got up there. He didn't know, all he knew it was a kind of a bird.

This country, being on the height of land, there were lots of lakes, many of them not on the map. For identification purposes we had to give them names. The bright sparkling lakes we named after people we admired like Thomson and MacCallum; to the swampy ones, all mussed up with moose tracks, we gave the names of the critics who disparaged us. It was here that MacDonald made studies for *October Shower Gleam* and I got the sketch I worked up into a large canvas, *October, Algoma*, both of them acquired by Hart House, University of Toronto.

We were looking one day for a lake and arguing about the direction, Harris and Johnston went off to the right and I went to the left. I found some old blazes on the trees, followed them and arrived at the lake where an old cedar jutted out over the water. The trail blazer must have used it as a dock. There was little to see, bush right to the water's edge. Standing on the cedar I started a sketch just to prove I had found the lake. I heard a noise behind me in the woods and concluded it was Harris and Johnston. I kept still. I could hear branches cracking, then right behind me there was a crashing of brush, I turned around with a derisive smile on my face and found myself looking into the eyes of a large black bear. I finished the sketch, but it was not very successful.

This country was too opulent for Harris. He wanted something bare and stark, so we went to the north shore of Lake Superior, a country much of which had been burnt over years before. New growth was slowly appearing, there were few places to stay so we brought a tent. The CP main line follows the north shore of Lake Superior from Heron Bay westward to Port Arthur. I know of no more impressive scenery in Canada for the landscape painter. There is a sublime order to it. Long curves of the beaches, sweeping ranges of hills and headlands that push out into the lake.

Inland there are intimate little lakes, stretches of muskeg, outcrops of rock; there is too little soil for agriculture. In the autumn it glows with colour, the huckleberry and the pin cherry turn crimson, the mountain ash is loaded with red berries, the poplar and the birch turn yellow and the tamarac is a shimmer of gold.

We chose our camp site with great care, always near water, with protection from wind and on ground that sloped away from the tent. In poor painting weather we would build a big stone fireplace where we could sit and gossip until it was time to turn in. Whiskey jacks would soon find us and pick up food, they would even swoop down and fly off with a slice of bread or bacon. A weasel came to the tent and tried to steal our eggs, he refused to move and we had to push him out.

Having no stove in the tent, we dug a trench between our sleeping bags. This we would fill up with hot embers from the fire, close up the tent and turn in comfortably even on cold nights.

When we camped near a sand beach we went in swimming although the water was very cold. We found that if we backed up, then ran at the lake, waving our arms and yelling like wild Indians, it distracted our attention from the cold water. It was a strenuous life, Harris would be up before daylight, making a lot of noise with pots and pans for breakfast, the rain would be pattering on the tent; "come on, get up", "what's the use, it's raining", "it's clearing in the west", so I would get up and we would go off in the rain. Three days later when it stopped raining, Harris would say "I told you it was clearing".



Below: LAWREN HARRIS

Old Stump

Oil sketch for North Shore, Lake Superior

Collection: C. S. Band

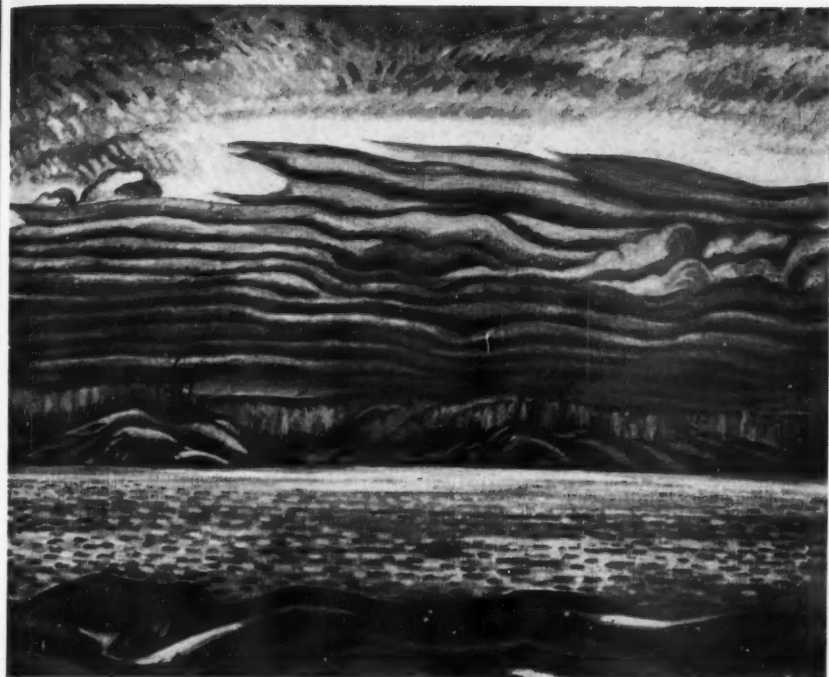
Opposite: A. Y. JACKSON

Algoma, November

The National Gallery of Canada



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I washed a suit of woollen underwear, the rain started and I could not get it dry, either in the tent or out. It rained for ten days. I had read of Arctic explorers wearing their wet clothes next to their skin to dry them, but before trying that, I decided to make a fire. I got spruce branches, piled stumps on them, then dead trees until I had a pile thirty feet high, then I gathered an armful of birch bark and shoved it under the pile and lit it. It was still raining, but once the birch bark got going nothing could stop it, and soon the flames were reaching as high as the tree tops. Then on a long forked stick I impaled the underwear and dried it and rushed it into the tent.

Harris had discovered Roman Meal, we had a large bowl of it every morning, it was supposed to make you impervious to wet and cold. Later we got a folding stove; it was practical, it kept the tent dry and warm, but you couldn't see a glimmer from it. Harris dubbed it the gloom box. Then back to Toronto and the newspapers, where we read all the rotten things they said about us; one of the things they said about Harris's work was that if it was allowed to continue, it would

discourage immigration to Canada.

The year I made the first trip to the Arctic, Lismer went with Harris to Lake Superior. It rained continuously. As Harris carried a large sketching-umbrella, he kept on working, while Lismer sulked in the tent. He had thrown his pack-sack in a corner; as he looked at it with half-closed eyes, it assumed the form of a big island that lay off from the mainland, the straps became a ridge of rock in the foreground and the light coming through the folds of the tent became an intriguing sky. When Harris returned there was a sketch in Lismer's box. "Gosh, Arthur, where did you get that, it's a beauty, the best thing you've done."

There is a large canvas of Harris's *North Shore, Lake Superior*, which won the gold medal at an exhibition in Baltimore, a large pine stump right in the centre of the canvas and Lake Superior shimmering in the background. Among the members of the Group it was known as "The Grand Trunk". I was with him when he found the stump, it was almost lost in the bush and you could not see Lake Superior at all. He isolated it and created a nobler background for it.



JEAN-PAUL LEMIEUX. *La Ville lointaine*

Second Biennial Exhibition of Canadian Art

The Second Biennial of Canadian Art is here described from two points of view. The first is from the official preface to the catalogue written for the opening in Ottawa in April by the Associate Director of the National Gallery of Canada, Donald W. Buchanan, and the second gives the reactions of Robert Ayre, who saw it as a critic and reviewer when it went to Montreal in May. A dissenting opinion appears in the Art Forum on page 177.

THE purpose of the Second Biennial of Canadian Art, organized by the National Gallery of Canada this year, was to present the work of those Canadian artists who are making an impact in the post-war world.

In the search for what might be found to be new and significant, the actual age of the artists was never a determining factor. Some young painters are rigid and tied to formulae; on the other hand, men like Borduas and Lemieux, who are now over fifty, are still moving forward into ever more personal forms of expression. Nevertheless, the work brought back to Ottawa by those making the survey was largely from the generation who came to maturity during the war.

There was plenty here to prove that the focal points of Canadian art were changing. But who could best determine where the true centres of these changes lay? The solution

decided upon by the Board of Trustees of the National Gallery was to appoint a jury the experience of whose members would be both Canadian and international in scope. They selected three men: an expert on contemporary art from the United States, who could now be expected to take his first exploratory look at Canadian art; a French-Canadian who combined the talents required for the teaching of design in an art school with the skills of a successful novelist; and the director of the National Gallery, who had recently returned home after fifteen years in England, and who could relate impressions gained abroad to a review of new work in Canada. Their names: Andrew C. Ritchie, Director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture, Museum of Modern Art, New York; Jean Simard, art critic, author of *Mon Fils Pourtant Heureux* and several novels, and

instructor in design at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Montreal; Alan Jarvis, Director of the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.

From the many works they looked at, they eventually chose 45 oil paintings and 32 examples of water colours, drawings and prints.

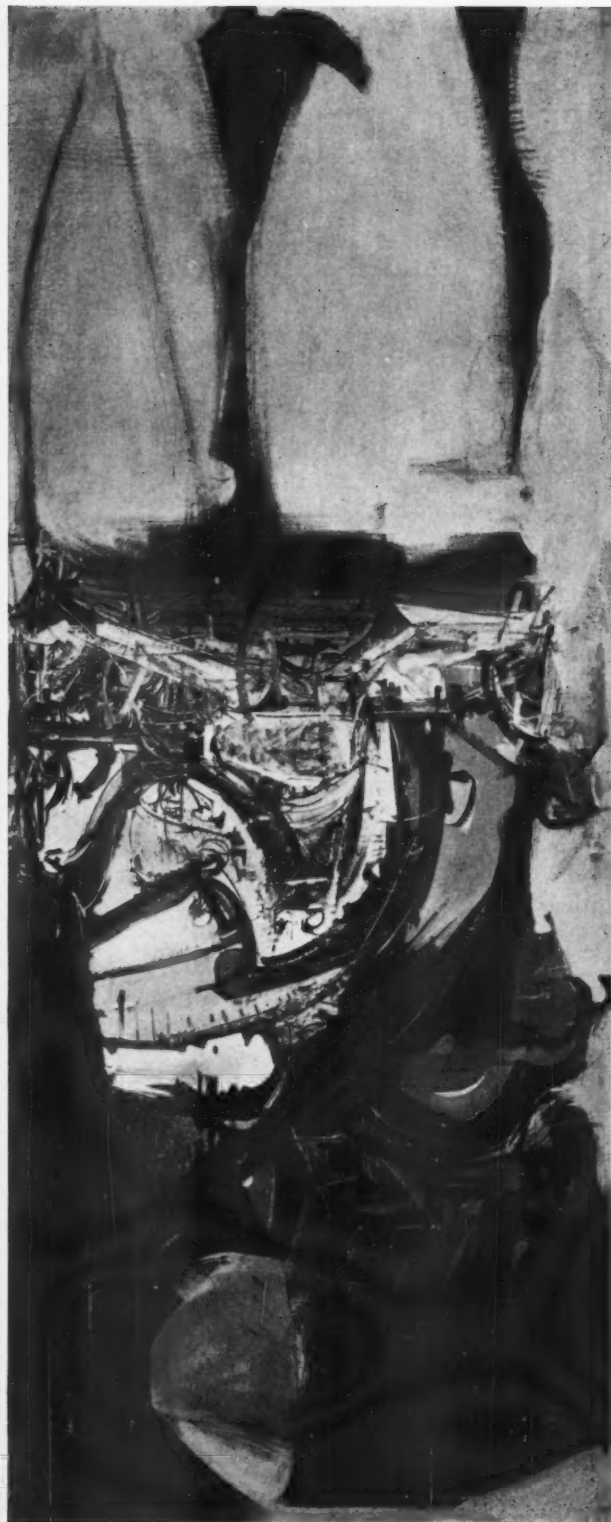
Did they discover anything noticeably Canadian in a national sense? Actually nothing at all if, by that, distinct regional characteristics are meant. Clearly evident instead, they said, in the spirit and action of these artists, was a full acceptance of the whole western

world as their cultural home. The best of Canadian work is now being merged in the universality of art. Such national flavour as there was seemed to be related not to subject matter but rather to those subtle distinctions between the way some artists of French background handle pigment and brush and the often different way their Anglo-Saxon colleagues do.

The judges had no predilection for any style or fashion in painting. They followed the principle that each work was an unique entity,

ALEXANDER COLVILLE
Woman at Clothes Line





HAROLD TOWN. *Dead Boat Pond*

independent within its own framed rectangle. From the purely aesthetic point of view, a well formulated and well conceived abstract painting can be the equal of a clearly delineated figure study, or a landscape of purely dream imagery the equal of one related directly to the colours and forms of nature.

With this principle before them, they picked what they agreed were intrinsically the major works. While all varieties of approach were presented in their final choice, a majority of the oils, at least, were abstract in character and there were also a fair number of completely non-figurative compositions.

The judges, however, rejected a great many abstract works, about twice as many as they chose. The explanation is that naturalism and realism, even in their decorative or romantic variations, are no longer the favourite paths to creation among Canadian artists. Abstraction, in all its aspects, is much more the practice of the day. Unfortunately only a few of its adherents (the best of them are honoured in this exhibition) seem able to combine imagination with any sustained realization of purpose. Many other artists active in this field, while serious in intent, only produce the non-flowering grasses and stalks of art, those that briefly shoot up in the warm sun of fashion and as briefly die to form the compost heap from which the more powerful growths are fertilized.

The spectator need only look at the ten works granted special awards by the jury and note their differences in order to understand why the judges felt individuality of talent was so strong among our leading artists. They commented, for example, on the delicate technique linked to a wide-eyed perception of landscape which is so personal to Lemieux, on the romantic realism of Colville, which is at the same time honest in its healthy clarity, on the verve with which Tonnancour faces up to the ever present intrusion in Canada of raw nature upon the sophisticated artist's eye, on the complicated richness of design with which Town transfuses his visual memories of fading beaches and derelict boats. This exhibition certainly speaks the language of our age, but in no one accent.

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

AFTER the opening few weeks in the National Gallery, the Biennial moved on to Montreal, where it was shown at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. As one of the teachers, Jean Simard, remarked, it was a great experience for the students to live with it for a while. At the same time, it was an opportunity no layman could afford to miss, for it is a rousing show, a testimony to the vitality and adventurousness of Canadian painting today. Perhaps more people would have seen it if it had been at the Museum, but going to the Beaux-Arts meant going only a little farther east on Sherbrooke Street, and it isn't a bad idea to spread exhibitions. On the whole, the school made a good job of hanging it, considering the limitations involved; a rather narrow corridor had to be used as well as two rooms (one of which has been set aside as a permanent exhibition gallery) and the lobby. The Riopelle vortex, the largest canvas in the collection, and William Ronald's *Fire*, a blast straight out of Hans Hoffman, faced the entrance and Gabriel Filion's storm of blues and

whites, to me one of the most satisfactory of the colour dramas, was effectively placed at the end of the corridor.

There is no gainsaying the terrific impact of such powerful expressions as these, but size and striking power are not enough and after the first shock you may sometimes wonder what is left. "How does he do it? Where does he start?" is all you may ask, looking at the Riopelle, though you may admire the performance and enjoy the splendour. And you may even be betrayed into the unseemly question "Why?" when confronted with the blue obscurities of Graham Coughtry's *Night Interior*.

Personally, I preferred the Klee-like poetry of Harold Town's autographic prints to his *Dead Boat Pond*, at once chaotic and empty; I found plenty of imagination and vitality in the less vehement exhibits: Gérard Tremblay's gouache *Les Grèves*, warm and fluent and full of feeling; Gordon Smith's *Winter Landscape* (more like an abstracted still life), with its well balanced warmth and cold, and his seri-



ALFRED PELLÁN. *L'Affût*

graph *Red Sky*, a reminder of a not so acid Graham Sutherland; Léon Bellefleur's intricate fantasies; Albert Dumouchel's flowers; also the reports from the enchanted worlds of Tremblay and Giguère.

While the Biennial is overwhelmingly abstract, there are a few other elements. The Canadian scene is present in a variety of expressions, from the brisk brushwork of Jacques de Tonnancour's *The Clearing* to the slow, quiet, deeply felt spaciousness of Jean-Paul Lemieux's *La Ville lointaine*; from Molly Lamb Bobak's lyrical and witty *Fog in the Subdivision*, with its forest of TV aerials sprouting out of the cluster of little frame houses, to Claude Picher's vigorous black and white *Les Sapins Noirs* and the wild and daringly composed *Nocturne* by Tony Urquhart. I was familiar with Stanley Cosgrove's melancholy dim choirs of autumn trees, but Franklin Palmer of Calgary, with fastidious semi-abstractions of rocks and pools, was new to me, and so was Alistair Bell, whose pen and water colour *Sea Island and Tidal Marsh* belongs to the English landscape tradition.

According to the Biennial, Canadian painting still has little to say about the human

figure. It comes abstracted in the stony surrealism of Salvatore Fiume in Kenneth Lochhead's *The Dignitary*, in the mechanized forms of Gerald Trottier's *The Magi*, and in *Study for Football Players* by H. J. Ariss. It is powerfully realized in the distortions of Jacques de Tonnancour's *Jeune Fille en vert*. Alexander Colville's *Woman at Clothes Line* stands alone for its uncanny literalism, but it lacks that air of trance that usually gives Colville's figures a strange significance. Lemieux's *L'Orpheline* is touching in its almost primitive innocence and Walter Sorge's etching *Christ Crucified* has the massiveness and impact of Rouault.

There are let downs in the show, a few meaningless gestures, nothing outrageously pretentious, but some emptiness. I have seen more imaginative Dallaires and richer Pellans, and better Bruno Bobaks, though I liked the *Young Chestnut*. A surprise was Jack Shadbolt's *Toward the Sun*. Overseas on a government fellowship, this painter is suffering a sea change, giving up his pungent drawing for amorphous colour suffusions; he seems to be on the way to a new style not yet attained. On the other hand, I thought York Wilson's title

Left: M
Fog in

Right:
Samoth
Ink draw



Left: MOLLY LAMB BOBAK
Fog in the Subdivision

Right: LÉON BELLEFLEUR
Samothrace
Ink drawing



New Growth was significant: he shows a new transparency and flexibility. And there is more strength in Edmund Alleyn's structure.

Taken as a barometer of Canadian painting—and it does give the immediate weather—the Biennial indicates that our strength is still concentrated in Quebec, Ontario and Vancouver. The Maritimes still lag, represented only by Colville, Jack Humphrey and Ruth Wainwright. Lochhead, McKay and Thorn of Regina, Palmer and John Snow of Calgary

and Glyde of Edmonton, with George Swinton and Richard Williams of Winnipeg, speak for the prairies and the foothills.

Quebec leads in the number of entries, with 31, which is just about double Ontario's contribution, and British Columbia comes close behind Ontario. Quebec took six out of the ten awards, too. And it offers the greatest variety of expression, from the intimate little drawings of Giguère and the others to the magnificence of Riopelle. ROBERT AYRE

Poets and Painters: Rivals or Partners

EARLE BIRNEY

POETS and painters are much more remote from each other on this continent than they ought to be.

Perhaps it's mainly the poets' fault. We are secretly rather envious of a painter. Consider the extra excitements of his life. He can set up an easel anywhere, publicly, and have a cluster of kibitzers around him; nobody would ever waste a second leaning over a poet while he fussed with a rhyme on a park bench.

Painters, moreover, are thicker (significantly). Even in Vancouver there are enough of them to have a social life, hangouts, an annual ball, feuds, a college of their own. And when they get bored visiting each other's studios they pack off to Paris or Rome or London and move into an *atelier* still redolent with the varnishes of great predecessors. Think of Duncan Grant in Fitzroy Street, renting for peanuts the room where Augustus John had painted, and Sickert before him, and Whistler before him, and so on. Poets write furtively behind bushes or in basement furnace nooks, and leave not a plaque behind.

When poets produce a work nobody expects them to hang it up on the wall for visitors to admire, and customers to buy. No, they have to slide it in an envelope, with return stamps, and wait for a rejection slip from some "johnnie" in Toronto they can't even smile at. If nobody buys a painting in his studio, the artist sends it to an exhibition where it hangs in plain view for weeks and

may get bought after all, for the price of fifty poems. It may even land up in Ottawa, enshrined in a catacomb.

Furthermore, painters have models. A poet who set up a choice plate of fruit on his desk would be denounced as a "phony", and accused by his family of being a neurotic eater. And a poet advertising for a human model, nude or clothed, would be raided at once by the Morality Squad.

Painters make murals, too—visual epics. No publisher in his senses would publish an epic poem today, yet a painter with a mural in his head gets a free wall, a public unveiling, and a sizable private cheque.

Painters, however, are equally envious of poets. We versifiers don't have to buy the words we mix, and lug them around in great messy boxes. Paper is still a little cheaper than canvas. And although we are in equal daily agony trying to catch the "light that never was on sea or land", in our case it doesn't have to come from the north.

We can revise easily—rewrite, or annihilate, whole poems between their magazine exhibition and their anthology hanging. Think, by contrast, of poor old Bonnard sneaking brush and paints into the Musée de Luxembourg and furtively touching up one of his own canvases.

Moreover we can let the publisher pay the cost of framing our offerings, and we don't have to worry about our poems cracking, yellowing, flaking, getting bruised, slashed,

shot at, or hung upside down.

But we can't rent them, or use them for furniture. Our unsaleable works, however many they be, make a poor glow in a fireplace, whereas I can remember on a chilly day in eastern Canada warming myself for an hour by the fine fire my host made—a respected painter—from a stack of his old oils.

The truth is that poets and painters have most of their troubles in common: critics, our own bad tempers, and all the woes of compulsively grasping, so long as we live, for that perfection of creation which is always beyond our reach. And the difficulty of explaining the compulsion. "I take a walk in the forest of Fontainebleau. There I get an indigestion of greenness. I must empty this sensation." A poet, however unsuccessful a one, knows what this writer means, even though the writer is Picasso.

And any painter in this year twelve of Atomic Fission understands that what Auden writes to poets today is also written to him: "The present state of the world is so miserable and degraded that if anyone were to say to the poet: 'For God's sake, stop humming . . . and fetch the bandages. The patient's dying', I do not know how he could justifiably refuse. There is (in fact) an inner voice that says exactly this to us,—and our only reply is to pretend to be extremely hard of hearing."

That we must all be very hard of hearing, though not of seeing, is the mark of our brotherhood, and it should make poets and painters understand, if not each other's creations, at least the common act of creation, and its accompanying excitements and discoveries, as well as depressions.

We share even, more than many think, the very language of explication for the inevitable oddness of ourselves and our craft: "The design or *inscape* is what above all I aim at. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or *inscape* to be distinctive, and it is the vice of distinctiveness to [look] queer. This vice I cannot have escaped." The speaker is not a visual artist but the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins.

So close is the blood-tie that the poet and painter have, in fact, sometimes been the same person. Michelangelo's sonnets are still read, and though we think of him as a painter we

must see also in his *Last Judgment* the work of a poet schooled in poets, his visual imagination fired by the words of the *Divine Comedy* and the hymns of Thomas of Celano. But Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci lived in an age before specialization, when men somehow could find within one life the time for multiple dedications to art.

Later, the arts separated. Rembrandt cared nothing for books, and the poets—the English poets, at least, for four centuries after Chaucer—showed no intelligent interest in painting. It was Blake who reunited the verbal and visual worlds in England, Blake in whom the two arts were so balanced that it has been possible to say of him, "he wrote like a painter and painted like a poet".

After Blake, poets paid more respect to their brothers in the visual media. Wordsworth, seeing Thomas Bewick's woodcuts wrote a poem declaring that if he had Bewick's genius, he "would take his last leave both of verse and of prose." Lacking it, he pushed on for another fifty years with mere words. Keats is the first English poet I can recall who had a painter for a close friend; Severn went to Rome with him and Keats died in his arms. By the century's end, poets and painters were virtually herding together, in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, in the offices of the *Yellow Book*, at the New English Art Club—the days when Watts-Dunton appointed himself a nurse to keep Swinburne alive and reasonably sober for thirty years, and when Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris set themselves up as painters, and hired, stole and married each other's models (the models were occasionally poets too, like Christina Rossetti).

In North America, however, the two worlds have never united. Apart from Robert Finch, what Canadian poet paints, or is even a Sunday sketcher? What American? E. E. Cummings managed a book of charcoal drawings, but that was twenty-six years ago. Vachel Lindsay, like Yeats, went to art school for years but produced nothing. Perhaps it is too much to expect another Blake now. D. H. Lawrence, who tried to become a significant painter at forty, and found it easy to start, "like diving into a pond", achieved, in his one

exhibition, mainly a *succès du scandale*. Perhaps we should not encourage poets to take up painting, or even to criticize it. Baudelaire is sufficient warning to versifiers ambitious to be art critics, even though he made a better fist of appreciating Delacroix than did the professional interpreters of his day.

Yet we can surely ask the poet to become as interested in painting as the painter is in poetry. I think of Gauguin in Tahiti, recording in his journal a dream in which he was dining with Mallarmé and Verlaine and hearing them recite new poems—and I wonder what Canadian poet would have the confidence to dream a new Gauguin or an Emily Carr?

Occasionally, someone like Auden or Muriel Rukeyser makes a poem, as it were, from a painting, from Brueghel's *Icarus*, or the Ajanta cave frescoes. But for one such example (and are there any in Canada?) one remembers a dozen from the other side: Klee stimulating his imagination from Baudelaire; Edward Burra from the poetic dramas of the Elizabethans, Tourneur and Marston; Stanley Spencer, like Blake before him, from the prose-poetry of the Bible.

Painters have gone farther, even in Canada, and published whole books of their own poetry. There is John Piper's *The Wind in the Trees*, for example, J. E. H. MacDonald's *West by East*, Lawren Harris's *Contrasts*. Some things can perhaps better be said than drawn. David Jones released most of his *traumae* in paint, but for the two nightmare years he spent in the trenches of the First World War he could find no outlet until, twenty years later, he steeped the reality of his memories in the wine of old verse, of Celtic legend and the *Song of Roland* and Milton and the Bible, and produced a book of poems, *In Parenthesis*, technically good enough to win the Hawthornden Prize.

No doubt it is just as unwise, however, to urge painters to rhyme as to encourage poets to daub. What is surely both wise and practical is to encourage that ancient and honourable union between the two arts within the covers of the same book. I do not mean those mere marriages of convenience where the hack illustrator imposes his slick mass-imagination on the individual visions of writers. Nor am I

necessarily urging that our North American painters should involve themselves in the tradition, grand though that tradition is, of the great European painters who voluntarily set themselves to illustrate the poets of the past. We can, if we wish, leave La Fontaine in the good hands of Derain and Chagall, and Goethe's *Faust* to Delacroix, and Heine to Pascin, and Ovid to Rodin and Picasso.

What we need most of all on this continent is that voluntary, even spontaneous working-together of independent artists and their poetic contemporaries of the sort which took place between Max Ernst and Eluard, between Apollinaire and Dufy, Braque and Satie, Chirico and Cocteau, Matisse and Mallarmé, Bonnard and Verlaine. Out of these partnerships, as Monroe Wheeler has pointed out, have come "the highest type of illustrated book . . . , the joint work of author and artist who are contemporaries, working as in equal collaboration, inspired by similar feeling, approaching the same subject matter from opposite directions, dealing with it twice within the covers of the one volume."^{*}

But whether we speak of illustration, where the artist plays second fiddle, or of medieval or bibliophilic embellishment for its own sake, or of books jointly conceived—we speak of something that does not exist in relation to Canadian poetry. Is this because our poetry is so bad? It is not so bad but what some Canadian painters read it. I think the answer lies rather in the separateness and the common inertia of poets and painters. If the poet will approach the painter without worrying about securing objective representation, just as willing to find words for a painting as to secure a painting for his words; and if our painters are equally eager to achieve that unity of figure and design and colour and word which can turn a book into a higher entity; then surely we will create works which no Canadian publisher, though he may never have heard of Vollard, can turn down without destroying his own prestige.

Personally, until such collaboration exist, I do not think that either poetry or painting in this country will reach full maturity.

^{*}Modern Painters and Sculptors as Illustrators. 3 ed. 1946. New York. Museum of Modern Art.

Jock Macdonald, Painter-Explorer

MAXWELL BATES

EXPLORERS are sometimes men of action, sometimes men of ideas. The explorer of ideas, when a painter, cannot accept a safe career by early finding a suitable style, not too unpopular, and settling down to its development. Instead, he makes his way beyond the region mapped and appreciated by the art-interested public. The explorers are not only the most creative artists, they contribute most to the art. Their trials and tribulations come early; success often comes late.

Jock Macdonald is such an explorer of visual ideas.

Born at Thurso in the north of Scotland, the son of an architect, he was educated in Thurso and Edinburgh and began his career with a year as an architect's assistant in Edinburgh. The war took him to France as a Lewis gunner, and he was not demobilized until 1919. Then he studied at the Edinburgh College of Art,

where, specializing in textile design and wood-carving, he obtained his diploma in design in 1922. The form his training as an artist took, in architecture and design as opposed to the usual drawing from casts and life, may have drawn him to the abstract idiom. Both architecture and pure design are abstract, and he has seldom used the human figure as a subject.

His formal education completed, he put in three years as a textile designer in England, then a year as head of design at the Lincoln School of Art. By 1926 he was married and, seeking an opportunity to gain experience and advancement, he accepted an appointment as head of design at the Vancouver School of Art.

His career as a painter began that year. His first paintings in oil and water colour were of the landscape of British Columbia.

In 1933 he founded the British Columbia



JOCK MACDONALD

Two Forms in Space

Pyroxylin

*Shown in the Second Biennial
of Canadian Art, 1957*

College of Art with Frederick Varley as co-director, and taught at the college until 1935. Most of this was preliminary to his work as painter-explorer. The real beginning was his first automatic painting in 1935. It was a new language for him, in fact it was a new visual language in Canada. To learn to use it took him five months. At this time he read widely in aesthetics and philosophy.

In 1935 Macdonald took his wife and young daughter to Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, an almost uninhabited corner of the coast of western Vancouver Island. They stayed eighteen months. Here, cedar and fir stand solemnly at the sea edge. Salaal undergrowth is jungle thick. There were none of the distractions of civilization and none of its comforts. But he began to understand the automatic and abstract forms of expression he has used ever since.

Luckily he knew the sea, the North Atlantic and Thurso Bay, and how to handle a boat. Fish formed a large part of the family's diet, and in a nine-foot boat he was able to survive in the big rollers of the open Pacific. From fish and the sea come many of his paintings. He feels and knows this subject.

When I asked him why he turned to automatic and abstract forms of expression, he said that what he wanted to express could not be expressed in naturalistic or objective terms. He realized this before he did his first automatic paintings of 1935 but for some time he could find no satisfactory means. Automatic painting opened up unsuspected ways of showing his feelings about the sea, about wind and rain, the seasons and about the forest. These feelings and intuitive impressions disappeared at once if the approach was objective. In his own words: "I felt that the curve of a wave, the breaker on the beach and the foam on the sand wasn't all of the sea. The sea has solidity and transparency, cruelty and tenderness, joy and terror, cunning and friendship, all included in visual observation."

Nevertheless, Macdonald sketches directly from nature from time to time. He says: "Never have I entirely deserted objective painting. I believe it absolutely necessary to associate myself with the visual world. It is from the visual world that an artist derives

his vocabulary of form and colour. It is necessary to observe continually, to memorize and attune oneself to the forces in nature."

His search is for reality. The reality of appearances is not enough, but appearances are the key to a deep and mysterious reality, recoverable only in intuitive flashes. This must not be identified with the kind of phantasy, sometimes expressed in the illustrative so-called "surrealist" work of men like Dali, which is as far as possible from Macdonald's art.

He believes art keeps pace with science. "Artists must discover idioms which interpret man's new concepts about nature, especially about the interrelationship of all things, the energies of motion, new spatial concepts." He believes the new forms can deal with these concepts, that academic naturalistic art does not and cannot.

I knew he thought it necessary for an artist to be of his time. I asked him how he reconciled this belief with the traditionally valued timeless, eternal quality. He replied: "I believe that every true artist desires to interpret the consciousness of the time in which he lives. A change in consciousness brings into being new forms. This is exciting. But there must be the same order in the painting as in the superb

JOCK MACDONALD

Moon Fish

Water colour



works of past centuries. The order in art remains constant."

Jock Macdonald is well known as a teacher. After returning to Vancouver from Nootka he taught privately, then in 1940 he became head of the art department of the Vancouver Technical School. He remained six years. In 1946 he went to Calgary as head of the art department of the Provincial Institute of Technology and Art. For the last nine years he has taught drawing and painting at the Ontario College of Art. To point out horizons unsuspected by his students, new lands hardly mapped and the possibility of uncharted seas in the world of visual art has been his task, but as he says: "In training young students I believe it absolutely necessary that the student be provided with a programme of study which forces him to observe nature very closely, in many diverse directions. After some two years of such study I encourage the student to expand his inner self and begin to express his personality. I am quite aware that the young student is often intuitively aware of the consciousness of the twentieth century and could create in modern ways, but I believe that every student should, first of all, increase his vocabulary of forms and colours by observing

nature forms, and be initiated into the laws of balance and dynamic equilibrium." He has the gift of firing the imagination of a student. He discourages any belief in unchanging dogma.

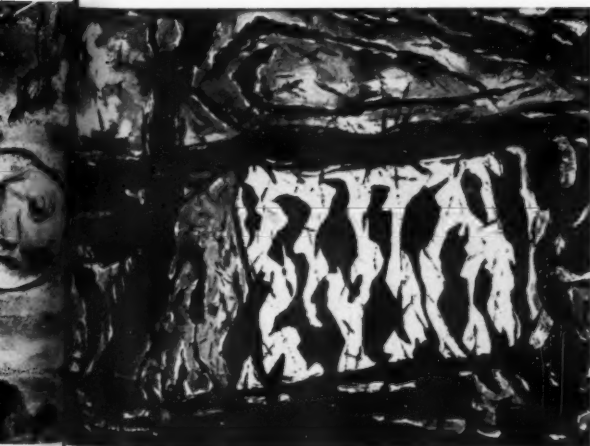
Interest in teaching has widened into interest in promising painters who are unknown or nearly so, and helping them by encouragement or by introducing them to established art societies. In art societies he has held several executive posts. He is a charter member of the Canadian Group of Painters, a past president of the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour, a life member of the British Columbia Society of Artists and a member of the Ontario Society of Artists. In 1953 he helped to form the group known as Painters Eleven in Toronto.

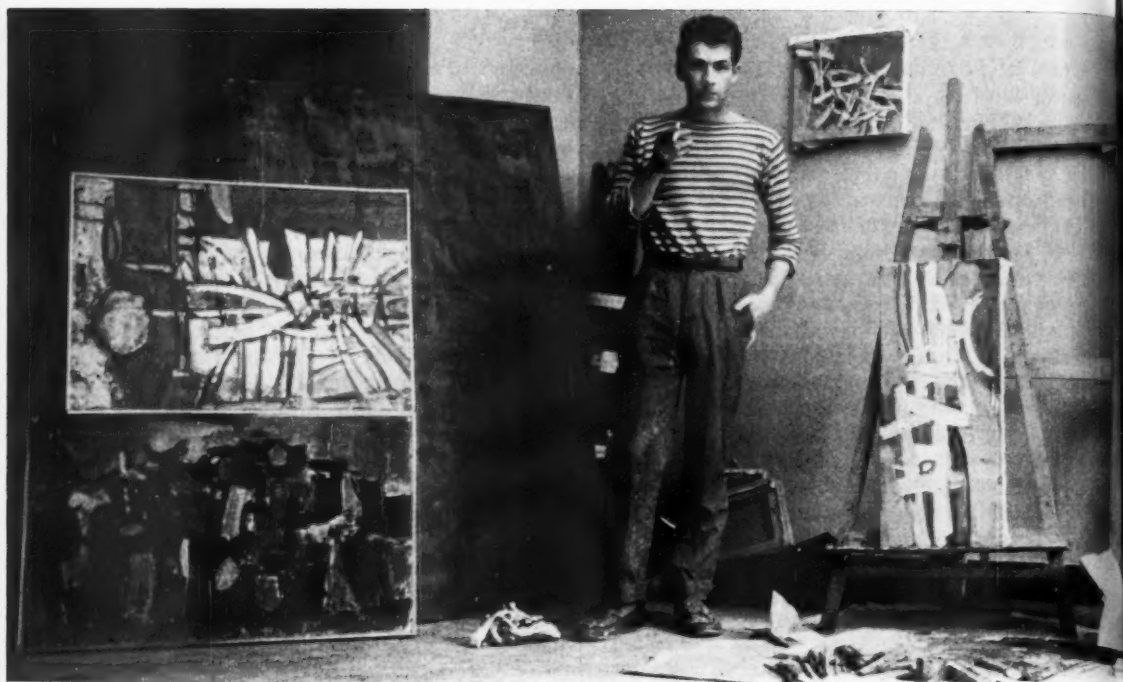
Since the formation of that group he has worked on a larger scale, although he had done the occasional large canvas in the past, and he is now using pyroxylin. This may be the result of conversations he had with Jean Dubuffet when he was living at Vence in France, for Macdonald was in Europe in 1955 on a Canadian Government Fellowship. Dubuffet advised him to use oils as freely as he used water colour. Previously much of his work was on a smaller scale, very original and diverse, as was seen in his one-man exhibitions at the Vancouver Art Gallery, at Hart House in Toronto, at the San Francisco Museum of Art and at the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria.

Diversity of approach and subject is characteristic. He says he hasn't any set style. His style is really a series of styles related by his personality, or more exactly by the mark of his inner being. This diversity has caused adverse criticism at times. But the variety results from the search for new forms, from forever working on the frontier, and from trying to penetrate into the unknown.

Jock Macdonald must be regarded as a pioneer of automatic and abstract painting in Canada. He was the first artist in this country seriously and consistently to adopt the automatic process. Because of its exploratory nature his work is difficult to evaluate, and like all such artists his paintings are best seen in a one-man exhibition. Then one can see that a remarkable diversity of approach and technique adds up to the inner vision of an individual.

JOCK MACDONALD
Twilight Forms



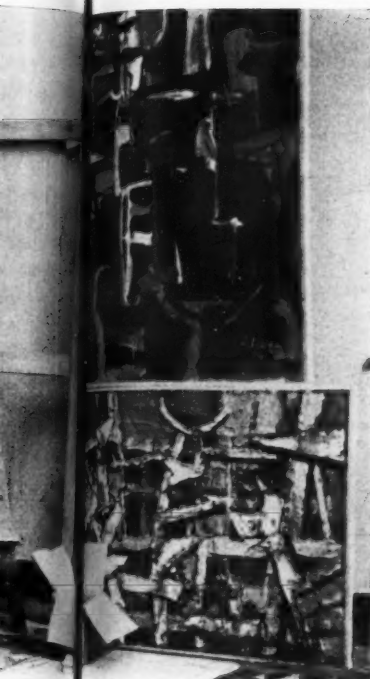


EDMUND ALLEYN

Canadian Artists in Paris: A photographic jaunt into Paris studios and to

WHAT unhackneyed subjects remain for a photographer to take in Paris? Certainly not the Eiffel Tower and the fishermen along the Seine, nor the chestnut sellers by the Luxembourg Gardens nor Notre Dame and its gargoyles. All these and more are reproduced with photographic excellence on the postcards sold at every tourist stand. So the photographer should spend his spare hours in search of fresher fare. On a recent visit to Paris our search led us to seek out and photograph some Canadian painters who are studying or working there. The success of such a venture depends on co-operation and humour before the lens, and this we were given by all whom we visited. We saw everyone we hoped to see, except Jean-Paul Riopelle and Denys Matte, whom we were unable to find during the few days at our disposal.

We met Edmund Alleyn late one afternoon at the Galerie du Haut Pavé on the Quai de Montebello opposite Notre Dame, where he was then exhibiting his latest paintings. Alleyn, a twenty-six-year-old painter from Quebec City, who is now in France on a Canadian Government Overseas Scholarship, struck one immediately with his air of confidence. There was no hesitation; he knew what he was about and where he was going. The suggestion of photographs brought immediate response; before the camera bag was opened, paintings had been taken down from the gallery walls and were being propped up against the stone wall bordering the Seine to catch enough light from the darkening sky to impress the colour film in the camera. Later we visited his *atelier* which, at that moment, he was sharing with Marc Sabathier Levêque, a French journalist



and poet, whose latest book of poems is illustrated by Picasso. The *atelier* was high on the top floor of a Montmartre apartment house and the large windows had a fine, and what one has come to expect as the traditional, view of Paris chimney-pots. The latter, however, are not the inspiration of his paintings. Rather it is the forms and structures he has observed along sea coasts and harbours in both France and Canada; of these he has made a synthesis in his recent canvases. Once he has organized his impressions in a satisfying manner, he establishes a theme which he repeats many times under different guises. He is aware of this, and claims that it is necessary to him in order finally to exhaust the image in creative compositions.

Alleyn was very interested in photography, and he went on to tell us of a friend who took a colour photograph of one of his paintings. When the transparency was processed Alleyn noted that its colour balance was quite differ-

JACK NICHOLS

udios as and told by two
enterprising
amateur
photographers,
Jasmine and
Philip Pocock
of Ottawa



ent from that of the original; however, he preferred the new look and decided to repaint the picture to correspond to the transparency!

Suzanne Bergeron, who studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Quebec City, and her architect husband, M. Suhit, spend the winter months in a sixth-floor apartment with an expansive balcony-view toward the Bois de Vincennes. Her summer months are reserved for painting in a studio in Normandy; one of the canvases we were shown was painted on one of the beaches where thousands of Canadians died during the war. Madame Bergeron-Suhit has a complete lack of affectation and an effervescent enthusiasm, which led us to extend what we had planned to be a short visit to one of three hours. We were shown a number of her works in various media; these had just come back from a successful exhibition she had had at the Galerie Marcel Bernheim in Paris.

M. Suhit is presently studying town planning in Paris, where his wife finds it very difficult to paint. In Canada, she preferred such scenes as Matane harbour and the Gaspé coast and in France, too, she seeks maritime settings. During the two years she has been in Paris, her paintings have won several awards in exhibitions. These include the Bronze Medal of the City of Paris given her in 1956, an unusual achievement for a young foreign artist.

One sunny afternoon we walked for five minutes from Les Invalides (where we were sneaking a few postcard-type camera shots) south-east to the Rue Rousselet where Paul-Emile Borduas, the dean of the *automatiste* movement in Canadian painting, now has his *atelier*. Unannounced, we knocked upon his door; he answered and immediately brought us into his airy, sunlit and incredibly tidy studio. The neatness and well-ordered nature of the interior appeared to be characteristic of the man. We spent two hours with him. Listening to his conversation, one was continually aware of his desire for a precise formulation of an idea and for the proper logical juxtaposition of a series of related thoughts. Hearing him delineate the types of art criticism (a result of our having mentioned Graham McInnes's recent article in

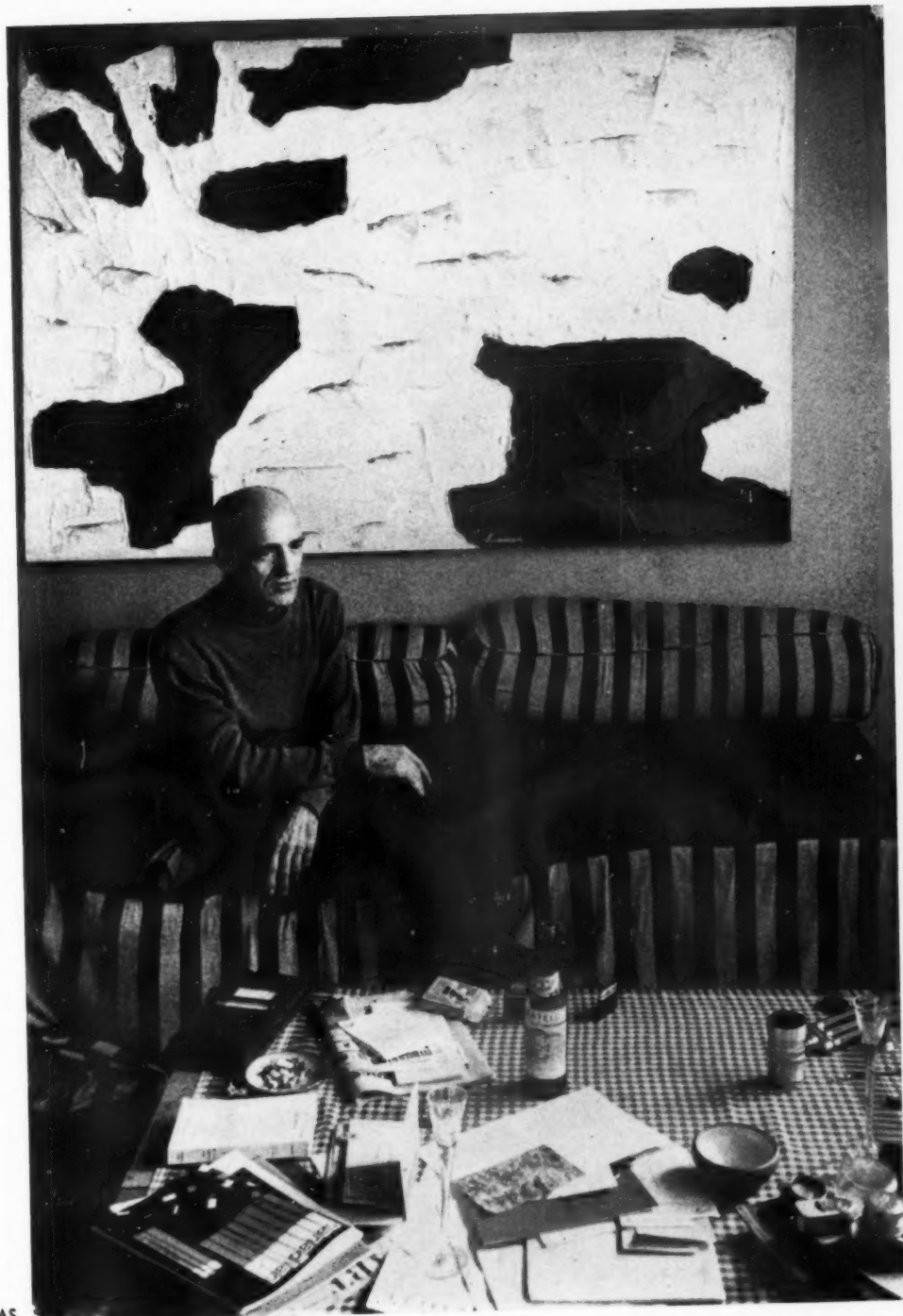


P.-E. BORDUAS

Canadian Art of which magazine several copies lay piled on his table), one noted more strongly the bold, mainly black-and-white pattern of the canvas behind him and idly thought that here was not a magician in pigments but rather a logician who sought to make a more and more ordered world of rhythms and textures out of his emotional impulses in painting. There was little reflection of "automatic" expression in this particular canvas; to make a not too far-fetched analogy, it looked more like a syllogism worked into a textured wall.

Borduas expressed regret over two things. He was sad to be away from Canada for such a time, but considered that the conditions associated with his work necessitated this separation. Also, he was sad at the swift passage of time: "There is so much that I want to do, so many things that I want to say and there is so little time in which to do it." While we talked about these and many other things he was continually subjected to the peering eye of a clicking shutter. He accepted this with a polite and patient forbearance for which we thank him.

Madame Raymond Godin studied art in



PAUL-EMILE BORDUAS



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Montreal and came to Paris to paint some three years ago. We were told to be certain to visit her studio not only for the pleasure of meeting her and seeing her work but also because the house where she had been living on Rue Visconti, a narrow street close by the Boulevard Saint-Germain, was reputed to be one of the oldest buildings in Paris, without light, water or telephone. But on going there we found that Madame Godin had moved to a new *atelier* on Rue Oudinot in Montparnasse. However, our disappointment in not being able to photograph the old residence on Rue Visconti was quickly forgotten in the pleasure of meeting this charming young painter from Montreal. Her studio walls had been newly painted in white; the only real colour in the room came from her several canvases which made an immediate impact on us. They were not derivative, nor did any of them recall that kind of ephemeral *tour de force* which is too often characteristic of fashionable French art today. They had a feeling of restraint and quietness which was none the less deceptive at first glance, for their visual power was such that they still remain vivid in our memories. Their tonal subtleties were, however, completely beyond the powers of the colour film in our camera; although the exposure was carefully bracketed, the resulting transparencies are hopelessly inadequate as representations. Perhaps Madame Godin's paintings have the distinction of having to be actually seen to be appreciated. Parisians will be able to see her work in a dealer's exhibition being held this season.

Jack Nichols, the well-known artist from Toronto, is in Paris on a Canadian Government Overseas Fellowship. He is specializing there in lithography. We met him on a dark and rainy morning at the lithography shop where he has been carrying on experiments in some new and original techniques. In an age when automation in production is so much discussed, it was a fascinating experience to see a shop whose output was so dependent on the direct skill of human hands, and to see the effects of the work in the humped backs of the printers. Several photographs were taken of Jack Nichols in the dark and dusty shop in the company of his friends the printers,

and then we went back to his room in the Maison Canadienne, the Canadian students' residence in the Cité Universitaire of Paris, where he kindly displayed the large number of prints that he had already produced during his sojourn. Two of these had been recently pulled from the stone and they were the first results from the application of his new techniques with which he was satisfied.

There were many other Canadian painters whom we had the pleasure of visiting and photographing. Pierre Boudreau and André Champeau live in Gauguin's former studio on the Rue de la Grande Chaumière. Allan Glass, a former student of Pellán's we first met at his post as door-keeper at a rather gay night spot, the Club Saint-Germain. Then there were Mimi Parent Benoit and Jean Benoit, who have lived since 1947 in the Rue Saint-Roch, an unexpected address for artists, as it is only a step from the busy banking and commercial centre of the Avenue de l'Opéra. Perhaps it is just this unreal juxtaposition of an attic studio with a tax collector's office on the ground floor which has stimulated them to

Continued on page 166



SUZANNE BERGERON

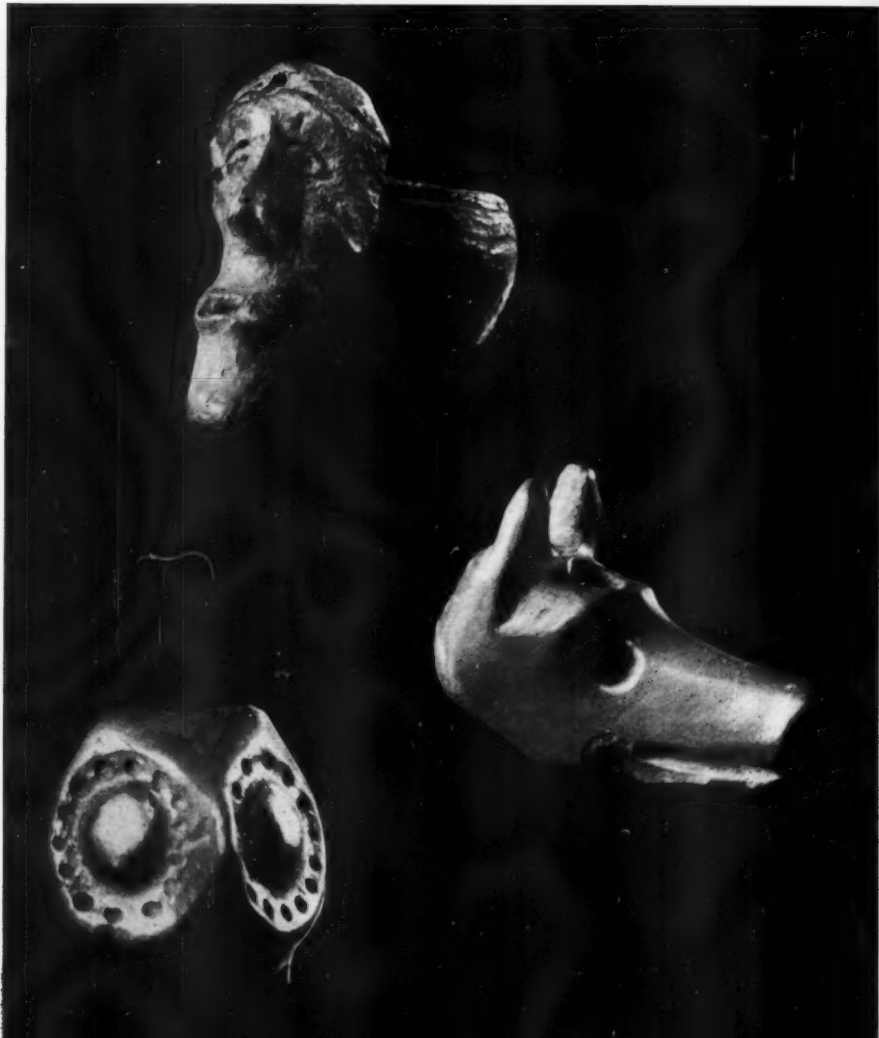


AMONG the Iroquois, the youth seeking visions and insight went apart from his fellows and lived for a time in the wilderness. If he was of the proper sort, he would return with a message from the god he had set out to seek, but even if he had failed in that particular, he would have had a vision or seen a marvel,—and these were always worth hearing and thinking about.

Usually some spirit or voice appeared to him, bestowing power upon him, and instructing him to carve its likeness in the form of a pipe or mask,—to carve it, in the case of the mask, on a living tree which was then cut, leaving the tree's spirit within the mask.

Four Huron effigy pipes. The Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology

Faces of the Forest EDMUND CARPENTER



When respectfully used, these pipes and masks were believed to possess latent power to help mankind, a power carried over from an invisible world of mythical creatures who dwelt in deep forests, under water, in the air above or the ground below, in darkness.

These "faces of the forest" claimed the power to control sickness. For it was said that whenever anyone invoked their help while burning Indian tobacco and singing the curing songs, then power to cure disease was given those who smoked the pipes and wore the masks.

In the darkness of the night, the masked dancers came, violently shaking rattles,

speaking a weird, unintelligible language, scooping embers up in their bare hands and then blowing ashes on the dying man to restore in him the breath of life.

The mask, like the modern mobile, was four-dimensional, living in acoustic space. When it spoke, it contained meaning and value; silent, static—illustrated in a book or hung in a museum—it is empty of value. It is fatuous to comment on a mask as if it were intended as drawing-room décor. Taken from its natural setting, it loses its identity. It "lives" only when associated with the appropriate music, drama, poetry, myth, dance,—the whole constituting ritual and symbolizing the cosmos.

After a rite a mask might be destroyed or tossed indifferently in a corner; perhaps a dog slept on it. But, when worn by the appropriate person within the patterned ritual, the words of the spirit came, and the mythical inheritance, wisdom and power of the mask revealed themselves.

The native didn't reduce the notion of self to a sharply defined, consistent, controlling entity. He postulated here no personality "structure", but, like Whitman in his phrase "I contain multitudes", sought to reveal the clotted nature of experience, the simultaneity of good and evil, of joy and despair, multiple models within the one, contraries inextricably commingled.





The Arts Come of Age in Windsor

KENNETH SALTMARCHE



The Windsor Art Association in November 1956 celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. The season that followed has been the most successful in its history. Its activities take as their focus the Willistead Library and Art Gallery, where Kenneth Saltmarche is curator of the gallery. The building is shown above.

THE arts in Windsor are centred today in "Willistead", a stately Elizabethan-style country house complete with parklands, stables and a gatekeeper's lodge. The place bears itself with dignity; it has an air of tradition and age. Actually it is only half a century old. It was built as a residence for Edward Chandler Walker, a son of Hiram Walker, the founder of Walkerville.

Across the way, St. Mary's Anglican Church, designed by Ralph Adams Cram and given by Edward and his brothers in memory of their parents in 1904, repeats Willistead's grey limestone and red tile roofs and is the centre of a community of gabled and half-timbered houses; to the east run the rows of semi-detached villas originally built for Walker employees.

In 1921 the buildings and grounds of Willistead were given to the Town of Walkerville "for library and community purposes". After the Border Cities were amalgamated in 1935, the Windsor Public Library Board gradually



LAWREN HARRIS

A Side Street

Willistead Art Gallery

Opposite page:

DAVID B. MILNE

*Carnival, Dominion
Square, Montreal*

Willistead Art Gallery

took over the entire building, enlarged the library and, in 1943, opened an art gallery here.

The Library Board and the Windsor Art Association, founded in 1936, now co-operate to give the city and district every facility for the enjoyment of the arts that these quarters can provide.

The art gallery has placed its emphasis on community services. From a lending collection of pictures and sculptures, 120 works were circulated among the public in 1947; by 1956 this circulation had grown to 1,265. An art workshop for adults and children, begun in 1949, has been so enthusiastically received that it now has an enrolment of 150 members.

Windsor's first annual sale of Canadian paintings and fine crafts was held in 1949. This is now a major project of the women's committee of Willistead, which last year sold close to five thousand dollars worth of small paintings, drawings and crafts sent in by artists across Canada. Here for the first time in this country a system of "credit purchase" of paintings was started eight years ago. In encouraging young people to buy and hang paintings by Canadians on the walls of their

new homes, this system has proved its worth.

The great United States city of Detroit is, however, only a few minutes from Windsor. This is a disadvantage, in some ways, to us in Willistead, and at the same time it is a challenge. At times we have been dependent on our American neighbour for lecturers, but in recent years we have found the funds to bring in men and women active in the arts in Canada to give our annual series of lectures.

A major American art museum with splendid collections of the arts of virtually every time and place is only three miles away. The challenge is obvious. At the same time, the Detroit Institute of Arts is a most benevolent giant. In the past it has willingly lent us everything from masterpieces of European painting to replacements for our burned-out picture-lighting lamps.

The Windsor Art Association celebrated its twenty-first birthday last November and, on this occasion, the Detroit Institute made us a gift of a fine early canvas by Lawren Harris, *A Side Street*. The presentation ceremonies, in which Windsor and Detroit officials proudly took part, underlined the unique spirit which exists between these cities and served

to increase public awareness, on both sides of the river, of the work our gallery is doing.

To assemble a permanent representative collection of the work of Canadian artists at the Willistead Public Library and Art Gallery is now a major project of the Windsor Art Association; it is perhaps the most effective way in which we can meet the challenge. Detroit does not offer such a collection; art lovers in the United States, on the whole, know nothing about painting in Canada, and in Windsor, which is visited by many thousands of American tourists annually, they should have the chance to introduce themselves to Canadian art.

Our women's committee, now four years old, with its new-born junior committee, is just as lively here as are similar committees

in other Canadian galleries. This committee recently presented two oil paintings by David Milne, one of which is illustrated here, to our collection. It is also saving funds to enlarge our art workshop.

This anniversary year has been a success. Lectures were presented by such Canadian art experts and artists as Jacques de Tonnancour, John Steegman, Claude Picher, Cleeve Horne and Alan Jarvis. About twenty exhibitions were hung. Our loan collection services reached more of the public than ever before. Finally our permanent collection had added to it several important works.

There are never enough funds and there is never enough space, so there is never a moment to relax along the way.

Emanuel Otto Hahn, 1881-1957

CHARLES COMFORT

THE death of Emanuel Hahn on February 14 has removed a distinguished sculptor, a great teacher, and a vital and imaginative personality from our midst. Apart from his rare gifts as a sculptor, he was a remarkable man in many ways. Vigorous qualities of mind and heart sustained in him a youthfulness of spirit which did not seem to take into account the passage of time.

The forces which shaped Emanuel Hahn's approach to his art are not simple to investigate. He had wide, even eclectic, interests in the sculpture of the past and he admired many of the masters of the modern movement. One of his great interests was the early dynastic Egyptian portraits, such as the head of *Sheikh-el-Beled*, and the figure of *Ranofer*. These interests he shared with his wife, Elizabeth Wyn Wood, and it is significant that they named their only daughter Qennefer. I have also heard him praise the imperial magnificence of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius and the aristocratic elegance of the Bamberg Rider and other Gothic masterpieces. But it is difficult to trace direct influences. Emanuel Hahn, a resolute man, fearless and outspoken

in his opinions, was not easily swayed by the present or the past. His artistic integrity was of a high order and what influences had been exerted on him had long since been assimilated and transmuted into a style essentially his own.

Mani, as his friends knew him, was devoted to the Canadian north country. It seemed to offer a fitting challenge to his primitive strength and his informed interest in the forestry and flora of the area. The paddle was as much at home in his hand as was the mallet and chisel. He could heave a sixteen-foot canoe onto his shoulders unaided, and he preferred to run across an overgrown portage, rather than plod. He always took the stern paddle in a canoe and one felt the heft of every stroke as he bucked wind or current. For him, the black spruce, the tamarac, Labrador tea, and sweet galen, were citizens of the north as surely as he himself.

Emanuel Hahn was born in Reutlingen, Germany, on May 30th, 1881, the youngest son of Otto Hahn, a prominent criminal lawyer of Württemberg, who in 1875, at the behest of the British Government had visited Canada to advise on immigration problems. In 1888

the Hahn family themselves came to Canada, settling in Toronto. At that time Emanuel was seven years of age, and his education proceeded here, leading him eventually to the Central School of Art, where his eldest brother, Gustav, became his first art teacher.

In 1904 he went to Europe where he continued his studies at the Kunstgewerbeschule in Stuttgart under Robert Knorr. During his three-year sojourn abroad, he and a friend crossed the Alps on foot, by way of the Brenner Pass, and studied the great monuments of art in Italy. On his return to Canada in 1907, he entered the studio of the late Walter S. Allward, whom he assisted until he opened his own studio in Toronto.

Characteristic of Emanuel Hahn's work, and perhaps his masterpiece, is the magnificent portrait of the Canadian explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in the collection of the National Gallery of Canada, and illustrated here. This powerful study is a brilliant synthesis of personal and national art, devoid of sentiment or moralizing, which is true of all of Hahn's art.

He was a master of the dedicatory type of public monument and, from the end of the First World War, designed and executed many well-known memorials for our towns and cities. Among the most notable of these monumental works is the memorial to Sir Adam Beck, the founder of the Ontario hydro-electric power system, another is dedicated to the celebrated Canadian athlete, Ned Hanlan. Although methods were always subordinated to aims, Hahn was an outstanding craftsman, as any of his scores of pupils will testify. For some forty-five years he directed the division of sculpture at the Ontario College of Art, where his abilities as a teacher were celebrated. And to all his other achievements must be added the countless minor works, such as coins, medals, plaques, and postage stamps, each item unique and distinctive in its own right.

Emanuel Hahn remained an active and compelling force in Canadian art for more than sixty years. His contribution is one of which we may well be proud. He was a vigorous and intelligent man, a distinguished artist, and a great Canadian. We shall miss him.

A group of students and friends of the late Emanuel Hahn have formed a committee to raise a scholarship fund in his name. It is felt that this fund could do much both to honour the name of one of Canada's outstanding sculptors and to contribute to the encouragement of sculpture in Canada. Monies received by the Emanuel Hahn Memorial Award Committee will be turned over to the Canada Foundation to be administered. Cheques made payable to the Canada Foundation are deductible for income tax purposes and should be sent to the committee in care of J. M. Reynolds, 154 Glenrose Avenue, Toronto 7.

EMANUEL HAHN. *Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Bronze*
The National Gallery of Canada



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CANADIAN ARTISTS IN PARIS

Continued from page 159

become, in their recent work, authentic surrealists in the manner of Max Ernst. Bernard Vanier's *atelier* had collapsed and we found him temporarily ensconced in the studio of the photographer, William Klein. Marcelle Feron came from the suburbs where she lives to show us some of her work. On our return to Canada we found the Agnès Lefort Gallery in Montreal was holding an exhibition of her recent water colours.

All the visits netted several hundred photographs. When the negatives have been developed, filed, and printed, we shall then be able to mail off to Paris the photos which we promised! These will be but a poor return for the hospitality and kindness we received.

WHERE TO EXHIBIT 1957-58

<i>Society or Sponsor</i>	<i>Location and Opening Date</i>	<i>Final Date for Entries</i>	<i>Address for Application Forms</i>
Annual Saskatchewan Exhibition	March 4, 1958 Regina, Sask.	February 26, 1958 Saskatchewan artists only	Saskatchewan Arts Board, 1150 Rose Street, Regina, Sask.
Winter Exhibition, Art Gallery of Hamilton	February 7, 1958 Hamilton, Ont.	January 14, 1958	Secretary, Art Gallery of Hamilton, Hamilton, Ont.
Artistic Competition of the Province of Quebec	October 3, 1957 Quebec, P.Q.	September 21, 1957 Decorative arts and industrial design	Claude Picher, Museum of the Province of Quebec, Quebec, P.Q.
British Columbia Society of Artists	June 10, 1958 Vancouver, B.C.	Members only	Mrs. A. M. Bell, 2566 Marine Drive, West Vancouver, B.C.
Canadian Group of Painters	November 8, 1958 Montreal, P.Q.	Members, invited contributors only	
Canadian Society of Graphic Art	May 2, 1958 Toronto, Ont.	April 7, 1958	Eric Freifield, 39 Pembroke St., Toronto, Ont.
Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour	November 1, 1957 Hamilton, Ont.	September 30, 1957	Jocelyn Taylor, R.R. 1, Streetsville, Ont.
Manitoba Society of Artists	Early in 1958 Winnipeg, Man.		Kenneth F. Martin, 267 Renfrew Street, Winnipeg 9, Man.
Maritime Art Association	October, 1957 Maritime art circuit	August 31, 1957	Mrs. Ruth Henderson, Box 535, Sackville, N.B.
Spring Exhibition, Montreal Museum of Fine Arts	March 28, 1958 Montreal, P.Q.	February 15, 1958	K. Kennedy, Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Montreal, P.Q.
Nova Scotia Society of Artists	April, 1958	March, 1958	Mrs. W. A. Keddy, 22 Quarry Rd. Armdale, N.S.
Ontario Society of Artists	February 28, 1958 Toronto, Ont.	Probably early February, 1958	The Secretary, 407 Birchmount Road, Toronto 13, Ont.
Royal Canadian Academy	November 15, 1957 Toronto, Ont.	October 11, 1957	Fred Finley, 63 Warland Avenue, Toronto 6, Ont.
Society of Canadian Painters-Etchers and Engravers	March 1, 1958 Toronto, Ont.	February 4, 1958	Mrs. Anne Hook, 32 Mountview Avenue, Toronto 9, Ont.
Sculptors Society of Canada	May 2, 1958 Toronto, Ont.	March 15, 1958	Miss Pauline Redsell, 84 Gerrard St. West, Toronto 2, Ont.
Western Ontario Exhibition	May, 1958 London, Ont.	Late in April, 1958	Clare Bice, Public Library and Art Museum, London, Ont.
The Winnipeg Show, Winnipeg Art Gallery	November 9, 1957 Winnipeg, Man.	October 26, 1957	Winnipeg Show, Winnipeg Art Gallery, Winnipeg, Man.



Coast to Coast in Art

Leah Martinka, age 13, a student at the Ursuline Academy in Bruno, Saskatchewan, did this drawing which was shown in the Junior Art Exhibition of the Saskatchewan Arts Board. This collection of the work of young artists, mainly of high-school age, has just returned from an extended tour of that province.

Dutch Art at the Vancouver Art Gallery

The art event of the coming season in Vancouver will be the exhibition "Rembrandt to Van Gogh" which the Vancouver Art Gallery is presenting from September 17 to October 13. It is composed of works being lent by the National Gallery of Canada, the Art Gallery of Toronto and the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. Later on, we shall carry a full report on the various art activities in Vancouver and Victoria which are to be part of the celebrations next year in honour of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of British Columbia as a crown colony in 1858, nine years before Confederation.

The Western Canada Art Circuit

Sixty works by Yugoslav contemporary artists which were previously shown in France and England have now been loaned to the Western Canada Art Circuit for a six months' tour before being sent to the United States.

This is one of 25 exhibitions for the 1957-58 season which that circuit is offering to its 20 member galleries. Others include a small collec-

tion of contemporary United States painting, the Toronto Art Directors' annual collection of Canadian advertising art (which was reviewed in Paul Arthur's article in our last issue) and a group of British lithographs loaned by the British Council. There will also be eight important exhibitions sent out to this circuit by the National Gallery of Canada, and two from its industrial design division.

Canadian Government Overseas Awards

Five Canadian Government Fellowships enabling the holders to spend a year in France, Italy, the Netherlands or the United Kingdom were granted this April in the field of the fine arts. Bruno Bobak of Vancouver and Will Ogilvie of Toronto received \$4,000 awards, enabling them to do advanced work respectively in the graphic arts in England and in painting in France, while Jean-René Ostiguy of the staff of the National Gallery of Canada, Jean Simard of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Montreal and Lawren Harris, Jr., Director of the School of Fine and Applied Arts at Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick, received similar grants permitting

them to study art educational methods abroad. Mr. Harris plans to visit as many art schools as possible in England and evaluate their teaching methods, while Mr. Ostiguy plans to study art extension activities and popular art education as conducted by various organizations and museums in France. Jean Simard, in addition to observing art teaching and art education in France, will work on his fourth novel.

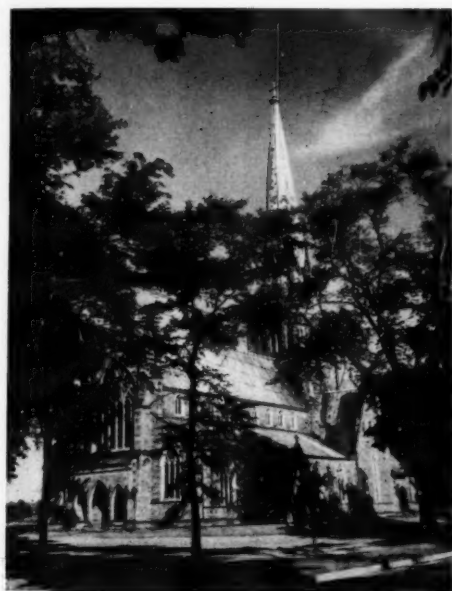
Two scholarships of \$2,000 each were also awarded to Suzanne Bergeron and Roland Giguère. The award to the first artist, who is now in Paris, is an extension for another year of a scholarship already granted, while Giguère, who now has his own graphic art studio in Montreal, plans to study engraving, lithography and serigraphy in Paris.

Lord Beaverbrook Endows a New Gallery in his Home Province

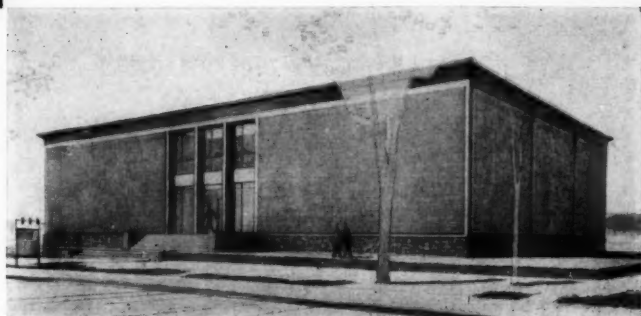
Newest of Canada's art institutions will be the Lord Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Construction has already started and it will be officially opened sometime in 1958.

A native son of New Brunswick, Lord Beaverbrook has, in recent years, been inspired to give many generous gifts to help cultural and educational activities in that province. His interest seems now to be concentrated on the fine arts; in addition to an estimated \$1,500,000 which he is spending on building this gallery in Fredericton and in acquiring a collection for it, he announced this May that he would endow it with a perpetual maintenance fund of \$1,100,000. Already several score of paintings have been acquired, including a representative Canadian selection, examples of which we hope to reproduce in a future issue.

The gallery will be in a particularly attractive spot on the banks of the St. John River, a few steps from the legislative buildings of the province. Coming into Fredericton by the highway from the south one will approach it along the broad avenue which faces the beautiful Christ Church Cathedral. This ensemble of fine buildings, both old and modern, under Fredericton's famous tall elms, will be assured in future of untrammelled dignity in its setting for, by the Act of the New Brunswick legislature establishing the Lord Beaverbrook Art Gallery, it is enacted that all telephone, telegraph or power poles must be removed and the wires placed underground so that such objects will not "detract from the beauty and symmetry of the gallery or interfere with its full use and enjoyment by the public". A worthy provision, that might well be incorporated in all other acts of foundation for public art galleries.



Architect Neil M. Stewart, of Fredericton, has designed the Lord Beaverbrook Art Gallery (right) which is being erected almost directly opposite Fredericton's cathedral close (above). Both buildings are flanked by the spacious lawns which here line the banks of the wide-flowing St. John River.



Jeanne Rhéaume Honoured in Montreal's 74th Spring Exhibition

The emphasis was not on the abstract in this year's Spring Exhibition at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. But this probably reflected the taste of the jury rather than any general trend away from the non-objective. Jacques de Tonnancour, Julien Hébert and Harry Mayerovitch were confronted with about twelve hundred works, out of which they accepted 169, of which 103 were oils, 52 water colours and drawings and 14 pieces of sculpture. The Jessie Dow Prize for oils was awarded to Jeanne Rhéaume (still living in Florence); Goodridge Roberts received the prize for water colour, and a new prize, donated by the Ladies' Committee of the Montreal Museum for sculpture was won by Elizabeth Palfreeman. Ghitta Caiserman and R. Varvarande received honourable mention for oils, B. Coghill Haworth and Maxwell Bates for water colours and Leo Mol for sculpture. Varvarande's picture, *Nature Morte aux Vase Noir*, was the most popular oil painting, according to the visitors' vote, and the Roberts landscape the most popular water colour, with a piece by Dags as the best-liked sculpture.

New Project Launched at the National Gallery

A completely new departure in greeting card publishing in Canada is announced by the National Gallery in Ottawa. It represents a further attempt by the National Gallery to give Canadians cause for pride in their national collection. The cards are extremely faithful reproductions (in up to four colours) of European old-master prints and drawings from the National Gallery's collection; there will also be two examples of early Canadian by William Bartlett.

Early in July a limited number of each card in the series will be released for sale to local art galleries. In case of difficulty, write to the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.

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The time has come to take an adult view of the crafts in Canada and to admit that the best creative efforts of the skilled workers in these fields will only endure if they are subjected to the same standards of aesthetic judgment as govern painting and sculpture. Believing that the activities of our trained craftsmen were becoming more varied and impressive each year, the National Gallery of Canada recently decided to experiment with a new venture: a national fine crafts exhibition. Entries were by invitation only, on the advice of a national advisory committee.

The jury consisted of D. W. Buchanan, Associate Director of the National Gallery of Canada; John Van Koert, designer of New York, who was a member of the jury for the Designer-Craftsmen U.S.A. Exhibition in 1953; Douglas Duncan, expert craftsman in tooled leather book-binding, who is now director of the Picture Loan Society of Toronto; Julien Hébert, Professor of Sculpture, Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Montreal.

The judges were not obsessed by the need to find Canadian motifs in the designs submitted. If they were present and employed with creative power, well and good. But the maple leaf, the beaver and the habitant in his rocking-chair have become so hackneyed in their application that there is now a healthy reaction against all indiscriminating emphasis on Canadiana as such. Also, although technical perfection, smoothness, and facility of execution are necessary, they cannot stand alone. Freedom of expression, skill in choice and handling of materials and a harmonious relationship of form and colour must be present in equal measure.

While the average level of design in the crafts in Canada is rising, true excellence is still only to be found among a few of our most gifted workers in ceramics and enamels, in weaving and in silver. But what the leaders have achieved, the others have the competence to attain.

The ceramics section, comprising about seventy pieces, will be shown in Winnipeg, London and Hamilton later this year. When the complete exhibition was in Ottawa in June, some ninety works were reserved from it for the fine crafts section of the Canadian Pavilion, Universal and International Exhibition, Brussels, Belgium, 1958.

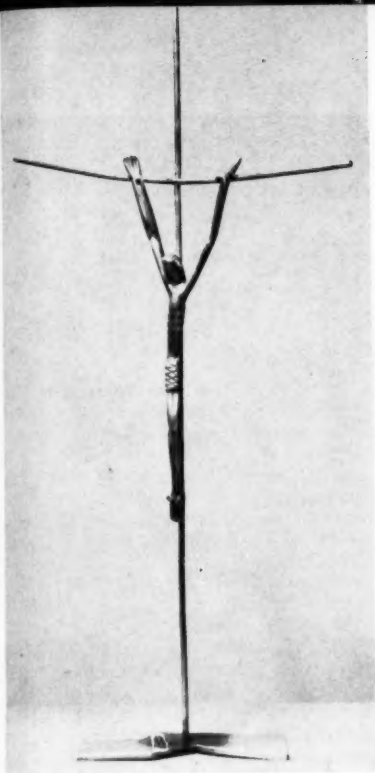
On the opposite page are some examples from the exhibition: a bronze crucifix from Lumsden, Saskatchewan, a stoneware vase from Vancouver, a hooked rug from Montreal, an enamelled tray from Ottawa and a hand-tooled leather book-binding from Hull, Quebec.

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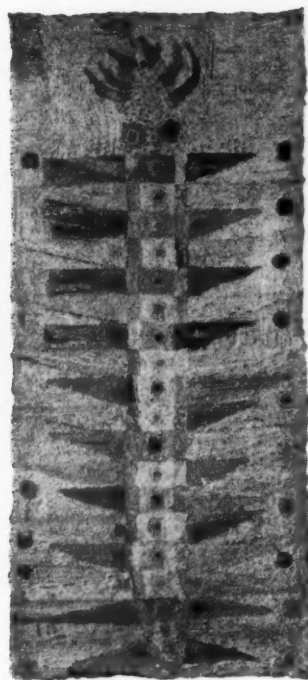
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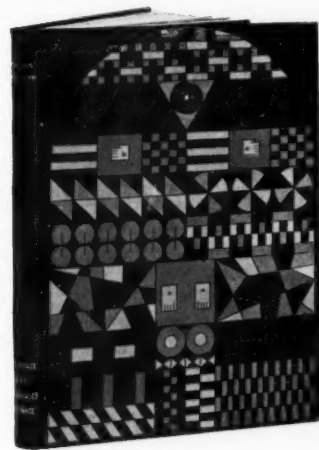
THOMAS KAKINUMA



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BASEL HOUCHINS



JEAN LARIVIERE

NEW BOOKS ON THE ARTS

ONTARIO HANDWOVEN TEXTILES. By K. B. Brett. 28 pp.; 21 plates. Toronto: Royal Ontario Museum. \$1.00.

The short and comprehensive introduction by Mrs. Brett, who is curator of the Department of Textiles at the Royal Ontario Museum, gives the history of Ontario's nineteenth-century weavers, with the remainder of the book being devoted to black and white plates of dress goods, table linens, carpeting, towelling and coverlets.

Although the booklet is small there is evidence of much careful research. All skilled weavers will appreciate the labour involved in analysing any complex piece of weaving and also appreciate the clear and workable drafts, data on yarns, yarn sizes, and finished sizes of the articles. The reproductions are good and, at the price, this booklet should be in every weaver's library who is interested in the history of traditional patterns.

It should also encourage weavers, resident as well as visitors, to take time to go to the textile department of the museum when in Toronto.

I regret that somewhere in the booklet there was not a promise of better fare to come—a review of the best of Ontario's contemporary weaving, for instance. Even better, an admonishment that weavers should regard this booklet as a short history and not as a weaving manual. Museums are concerned with the past, but should they not also keep their eyes on the present? We have hundreds of shuttle throwers in Canada who call themselves weavers, but a mere handful who create on the loom, who know a technique thoroughly and make it work for them. Who better than the curator to sound a word of warning, to state that home weaving will remain a living craft only if it also remains an art?

KATHLEEN HARRISON

MEXICAN PAINTING IN OUR TIME. By Bernard S. Myers. 283 pp.; 124 black and white illustrations; 1 colour plate. New York: Oxford University Press. \$15.00.

In this comprehensive survey of modern art in Mexico, the author traces the artistic careers of the principal leaders of this movement and gives ample illustrations of the special techniques they developed in both mural and easel painting; but he also does much more—he places due emphasis on their political activities. One sometimes forgets that painters like Orozco had the same intellectual relationship to the Mexican revolution as the philosophers and writers of the eighteenth century had to the French revolution. Their power of action and expression was directed towards the goal of bringing the Indian masses of Mexico into equality with the *mestizo* of the towns and cities. And to a large extent, this idealism which they expressed boldly, sometimes even cruelly, in their paintings was realized afterwards in practical politics. In fact, many young painters took

up guns themselves and went straight from art school to serve as lieutenants and captains and colonels in the army of Carranza. Myers relates how one artist-general actually became the governor of a state and brought in his fellow painters to help him administer it!

The heroic quality of Orozco, the genuine talent, albeit tainted with opportunism, of Rivera and the militant creativeness of Siqueiros are illustrated in illuminating biographical passages. This book also helps one to understand Mexican political history. Yet the author does not forget that even in revolutionary art there must be creative development in techniques and expression if the resulting work is to have any lasting vitality. He tells us frankly which works he considers to be failures and which are likely to endure. There is also a revealing chapter on the problems of the easel painter in an environment where the mural artists have always been the leaders.

D.W.B.

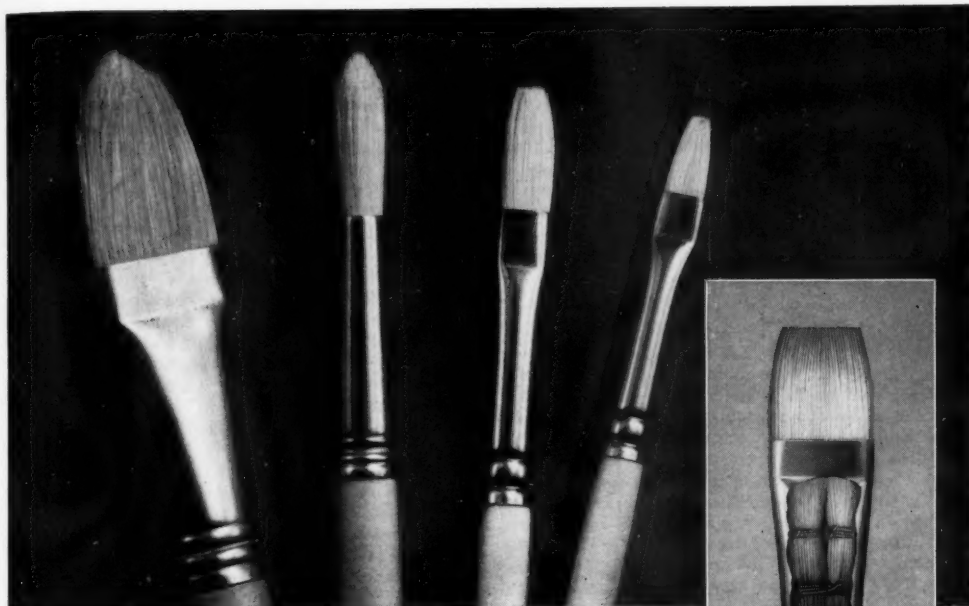
THE CONSERVATION OF ANTIQUITIES AND WORKS OF ART: *Treatment, Repair and Restoration*. By H. J. Plenderleith. xv + 373 pp.; colour frontispiece; 55 plates + 11 figs. Toronto: Oxford University Press. \$7.50.

This volume is a storehouse of information on the conservation of a wide range of museum objects. Dr. Plenderleith, keeper of the famous British Museum laboratory, can speak with great authority as he has been concerned with the preservation of many important archaeological finds, including the Sutton Hoo ship burial, and the Walbrook Mithraeum.

Part I concerns objects of skin, leather, paper, wood, canvas, or "organic" materials. Not only fluctuating humidity but also toxic gases in urban atmospheres may bring about the decay of natural substances. Useful information is given on the treatment of stained prints and drawings, employing chloramine-T, or chlorine dioxide, which are found to cause less damage to cellulose during bleaching. Wax impregnation of wooden objects is mentioned, and an interesting account is given of the alcohol-ether-resin process for consolidating water-logged wooden articles. The subject of bacterial and insect control is adequately covered, but perhaps not enough is said about the possible toxic effect of hydrogen cyanide, or carbon disulphide, on the operator.

The section dealing with easel paintings, a study by itself, is somewhat briefly presented. Typical procedures used by restorers are described and a critical analysis is given of natural and synthetic protective coatings. No mention is made of in-painting with polyvinyl acetate or with butyl polymethacrylate.

Parts II and III of Dr. Plenderleith's book refer to metals and to siliceous materials. The chapters on metals are very well written and satisfy both the layman and the specialist. Useful tables are included



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which summarize the methods for the treatment of discoloured or corroded objects in silver, copper, lead and various alloys. Bronze disease is discussed at great length, and a new method for cleaning lead pieces by ion-exchange resins is of great interest.

This book is of more than usual significance, as it has been recommended as an official text by the Museums Association, London. There is much to whet the appetite of both the restorer and the technically minded curator or archaeologist.

NATHAN STOLOW

PICASSO. By Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard. 315 pp.; 325 black and white illustrations; 75 colour plates. Toronto: Burns & MacEachern. \$6.50.

Picasso, says Mr. Elgar, cannot be classified or easily summed up. "We have only tried to draw near to him and take stock of the scandal of his genius." Taking stock comes heady, in such terms as these: "Picasso has sent his blasphemies echoing down our century and filled it with his sarcasms and challenges. . . . When the eye sees nothing but surface appearances, those hands have enough flair in their touch to lay hold on the world and tear apart the veil of time, and probe the secrets of the earth and the myths of primitive man. . . . His fingers have felt all the hollows and contours of the world, and even if he came close to reducing it to chaos he has held the universe in the palm of his hand. . . . He might be called the man of the Eighth Day of Creation. . . ." This book is a rhapsody rather than a sober study, but, in keeping with the demigod that inspired it, it is fascinating reading. Along with Mr. Elgar's poetry runs Mr. Maillard's biography, in different type and column width, and you have to make up your mind whether to read them separately, right through, or take a bit of one and then a bit of the other. Closely integrated with the text are the hundreds of reproductions illustrating every phase of Picasso's genius. The colour reproductions are not absolutely accurate, but they are attractively presented all the same, and perhaps with Picasso it doesn't matter. He has been at his most expressive, says Elgar, "in works in which the colour is toned down or impoverished and even mortified: then he really achieves greatness." R.A.

WATER COLOR, A CHALLENGE. By Leonard Brooks. 160 pp.; 200 illustrations. New York: Reinhold Publishing Corporation. \$12.50.

At a time when the painting-for-pleasure movement is threatening to engulf the professional art world and when do-it-yourself books are almost as numerous as the painters themselves, Leonard Brooks' book comes as a breath of fresh air.

First of all, Brooks' book is articulate, intelligible and literate. In contrast to the overwhelming majority of such technical books, this one is capably and often felicitously written. Whether or not you are interested in accepting the challenge of water colour for the first time or, indeed, ever, you would—if you are in any way interested in art—spend an agreeable hour or two in the company of this Canadian artist.

Secondly, the book is copiously and admirably illustrated throughout, both in black and white and colour, exclusively with Brooks' own paintings, drawing and photographs. Critics, connoisseurs and amateurs alike may disagree about the quality of Brooks' work as art, but any argument in this realm is irrelevant. The value of the book lies in Brooks' approach to painting and his "message" for the amateurs.

The importance of the book lies in the emphasis which its creator puts on *seeing* as opposed to *doing*. It has been a commonplace for generations that *anyone* can learn to paint (or to sculpt, or to write verse or, I suppose, to compose music) and the current vogue for painting as a pastime merely reaffirms this. What distinguishes art, properly so called, from the kind of painting (professional as well as amateur) which is more or less competent craftsmanship is *vision*, the unique way in which the creative artist sees the world round him. To combine freshness of vision with the technical competence to express it is, of course, rare in the history of art. Mr. Brooks' book presents a challenge, presumably to the amateur, which may completely discourage the vast majority of its readers and that at this stage of North American culture may be a good thing. Equally, a few of his readers may respond to the challenge and become true artists: that, in turn, will be a great thing. I hope we will see more books as good in all the other fields recently invaded by widespread amateurism.

ALAN JARVIS

CONTINENTAL GALLERIES

Fine Paintings by Canadian & European Artists

Early Water Colours, Drawings & Engravings of Canadian Scenery

Bronzes by Suzor-Coté, Hébert & Laliberté

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THE ART FORUM

Dear Sir:

The badly designed soap box which serves as a cover for the catalogue of the Second Canadian Biennial warns us of the insulting comments contained in the introduction written by Donald W. Buchanan. In fact, the introduction is simply an apology on behalf of the jury for not finding any vital direction in Canadian art.

Mr. Buchanan points out that the major trend in Canadian painting is in the abstract direction. The judges, he says, rejected a great many abstract works, about twice as many as were accepted. At this point Mr. Buchanan gives himself away, for he assumes a poetical style, and launches into a tirade against the majority of Canadian abstract painters. In pseudo-biblical rhetoric he divides the chaff from the grain. He describes how these painters, "while serious in intent, only produce the non-flowering grasses and stalks of art, those that briefly shoot up in the warm sun of fashion and as briefly die to form the compost heap from which the more powerful growths are fertilized."

It would be upsetting for the rejected non-figurative painters to be so described if it were not such a ridiculous piece of writing, and typical of the pedantic reactionary.

Mr. Buchanan and the other art officials have no

choice but to accept Borduas and Riopelle since they are internationally recognized. It is so much safer for Mr. Buchanan to attack the lesser known struggling abstract painters.

This attitude is apparently shared by the members of the jury and explains why the city of Montreal is so pitifully represented since Montreal was represented by a vast majority of abstract works in the initial choice of Mr. Ostiguy, Quebec representative of the National Gallery.

We, the remaining "weeds" or "les mauvaises herbes", if you wish, are accepting the insulting challenge. We will let future events prove that Borduas and Riopelle are only the first fruits from a very fertile tree growing in Montreal.

LOUIS BELZILE, PATERSON EWEN, ANDRÉ JASMIN,
FERNAND LEDUC, RITA LETENRE, JEAN McEWEN,
JEAN-PAUL MOUSSEAU, FERNAND TOUPIN,
Montreal

Editor's note: Jean Ostiguy is information officer on the staff of the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa. The Gallery has no provincial representatives.

Dear Sir:

I notice you give quite some space to . . . Canadian Abstract Paintings . . . no one in his right mind is interested in trying to decipher them, no matter what pointless long-winded vacuous vapourings are used to explain them.

DORA BORDAL,
Wynyard, Sask.

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